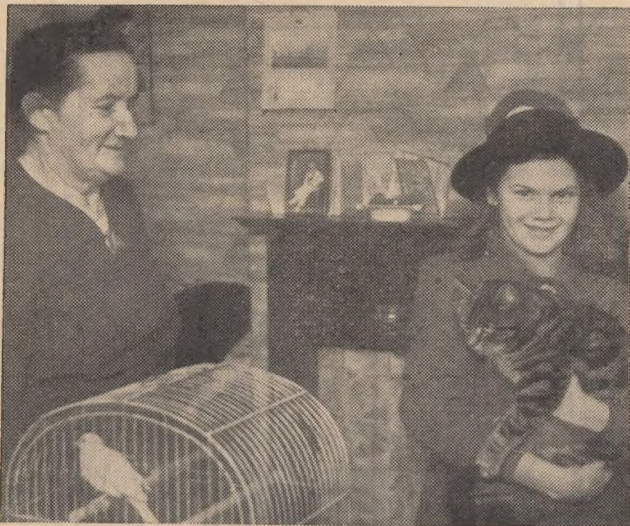


# Good 591 Morning

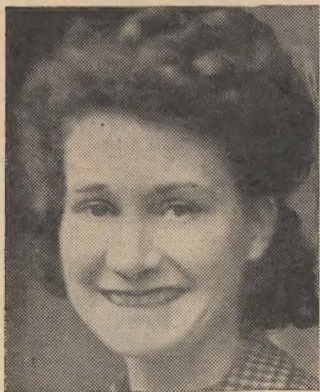
The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Family Round-up for Sto. Tom Naylor



WE greatly admired the "Rogues' Gallery," as you call it, when we visited 184, High-street, Rainham, near Gillingham, Kent, Stoker 1st Class Tom Naylor, and we were glad to see that you have a prominent position in the centre.

Your mother was alone when we called, but we soon managed to recruit young Jean from next door to add to the family gathering, and it did not take us long to run down the road to see your sister Joan at Stopps, the drapers in the High-street. You will be glad to hear that Gladys is well on the way to recovery, having at last got on the right side of that illness of hers. Molly, Fred George, Ron, Jack, Eric and your mother and



father are all in the best of health, as are young Jean and Aunt May from next door.

Eric has recently started work in the dockyard, and your mother is hoping he is getting on all right.

Are you still as fond of rabbits as you used to be Tom? Mother is preparing to make rabbit pie once again when you get some leave, and you'd better look out if you are hoping to get a good supply of chips, for Jean broke in to say that she'd just eaten your share. Looks as though you are going to be unlucky when you come home Tom.

Tom Friday, your favourite cat, seems to be enjoying life just now, and was looking rather greedily at Dick the canary, when "Fuse" Wilson took this photograph for you.

Your mother told us that your old friend, Frank Stringer, is keeping in the best of health, and she wonders whether you remember your walks with him over to the Rose and Crown.

When we saw Joan she asked us to let you know that she had just washed your football clothes, recently returned from the Gas Company. Take care of yourself and come home soon added Joan, which just about sums up the feelings of the family.

### ALEX CRACKS

Teacher: "Didn't you have a brother in this class last year?"

Sonny: "It wasn't my brother; it was me. I've not been moved up."

Teacher: "That accounts for the likeness."

## GIDEON SAID 'ZIP,' WOMEN SAID 'NO'

HUNDREDS of different pieces of war equipment have "zip fasteners." Civilians use them to close their purses, their pullovers, their suitcases. The "lightning" fastener is one of the great inventions of the twentieth century—even if not one person in a hundred who uses it every day can explain how it works!

Yet it began as one of the biggest failures in the history of invention.

Back in 1893 an Alsatian Jew got the idea that the world wasted far too much time doing up buttons and threading and tying laces. What was wanted was a fastener that would close an opening in cloth or leather with a single movement of the hand, keep

Dante, the Northern Derby hope for 1945, and greatest horse the North has produced for 40 years, is one of Matt Peacock's string at Middleham, Yorks. Here R. A. Kemp tells you something about Peacock, the big, burly, bluff and blunt trainer, who is what Yorkshire people call a "character."

## Peacock, Wizard of the North

ON Easter Monday, 1944, when the flat-racing season opened at Stockton, an unknown horse was left at the post—a colt which, incidentally, had failed to reach its auction reserve when offered at the Newmarket yearling sales barely six months before.

Racegoers shrugged at the bad start. Few of them bothered to watch the straggler at first. They didn't guess that the next few seconds were going to make racing history.

The other horses were several lengths ahead when the luckless colt recovered and showed a turn of speed that made even the judges gasp.

He went round the course like a rocket, and cantered home by three lengths, an easy winner.

They rang a bell that afternoon in Matt Peacock's ivy-covered home in the market square of Middleham, Yorkshire. It's an old Peacock custom, scrupulously observed ever since old Dobson Peacock switched from farming to training sixty-odd years ago.

They were ringing the bell for the same wonderful horse—Dante—just over a week later.

They kept ringing the bell all through 1944. The colt became famed as the greatest two-year-old the Turf had known for a long day.

He outshone even his own record when he brilliantly defeated Dorothy Paget's tried and game Tornadic in the Middle Park Stakes at Newmarket.

### THE COMING WINNER?

Do you wonder now that Matthew Peacock and his sister, with Sir Eric Ohlson, the owner, have come to appraise their hope as 1945's Derby winner?

He has already proved himself the greatest horse the North has produced for forty years, just as the Peacocks have always proved themselves the North's greatest trainers. Dante may turn out to be the North's first Derby winner since Pretender in 1869.

Matt's father, old Dobson Peacock, always wanted to gain the Blue Riband. The luck of Southern classics, however, seldom came his way. When he forsook farming and started the Manor House stables, the Northumberland Plate was

always the sweeter apple of his eye.

He won it six times, a feat that must have materially contributed to his £60,000 fortune.

He always wanted to win it two years running. So far as the records show, he succeeded—with Border Minstrel in 1927 and Primrose League in 1928. I am told that Matthew had then already taken over the training and practical decisions at Manor House.

But old Dobson liked to remain in the saddle. He won 100 races and more; topped £30,000 in stake-money when

sary elements, Matt last year had 15 winners in 22 runs and scooped £8,517 in prize-money for such patrons as the Duke of Northumberland and others.

Matt certainly has one of the largest strings of horses in the country to look after, and I have known him to be at work at four a.m. to keep abreast of meetings, gallops, entries to be made, forfeits to declare, and all the irksome details that made a trainer's life far from simple.

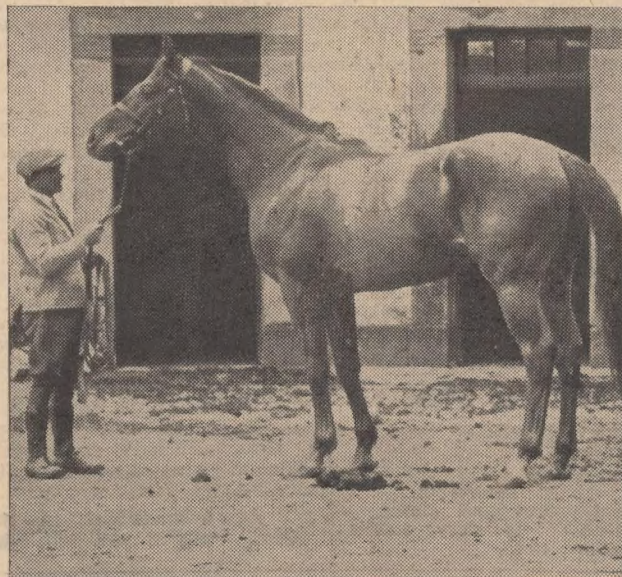
Matt's great rival in success, his brother Harry, is no less hard-working, in the interests

Middleham is still a lively centre of champion trainers and champion horses. Here can be seen Arthur Waudby, of Grand National fame, and budding jockeys beyond number.

It was Harry Wragg who once got tired of sweeping out the yards and asked a head lad one day if he could have a ride.

"So you think you can ride, do you?" was the retort. So Wragg was given a mount, which promptly bucked him off, and he woke up in hospital.

Middleham is also the home of Gerald Armstrong, a fine amateur rider and professional trainer. He trained Thankerton, a Northern Derby hope in the year which proved after all to be Mahmoud's. Thankerton ran very well—and led the field—but eventually fell back. I wonder what Armstrong thinks of Dante?



### USELESS EUSTACE



## HOPS AND HOPES FOR STO. JOHNNY POWELL



FOR Stoker Johnny Powell we visited 20, Lydden-grove, Wandsworth, S.W.18, to call on Miss Jenny Penfold, and we found her still thinking about the time you spent hopping last year.

We were rather lucky to find Jenny at home, for she had to take an afternoon off from the factory in order to see us. Anyway, Johnny, she is keeping well, and so, she says, are your family, including young Tommy and Cousin Arthur.

We didn't know that hopping was such thirsty work, but Jenny told us that after you did an hour or two's work at Rye last summer, you always had to recover at the Hare and Hounds.

Jenny sends you her love and hopes that the war will soon be over so that you can get back to your folks and the hops!

## The 'Lightning Fastener' is the first of a new Series of articles on "The Way it Began," by T. S. Douglas

it securely closed, and yet ready to be opened in a second by a single reverse movement.

He designed a fastener, and from then on it became a bee in his bonnet. Always Aronson was working at his zip-fastener.

Years later Aronson and his attractive daughter were in Sweden when they met a young man named Gideon Sundbach. The young Swede was very interested in Sara Aronson, but he listened to old Aronson's talk about his fastener only with that politeness expected from a young man towards his future father-in-law. However, the old man was not to be denied.

Sundbach was carried off to his workshop, and at last, in order to free himself, he examined the fastener and suggested some improvements. It was patented, no one took the slightest notice, and Sundbach married Sara.

It was some time later, when examining one of the strips of zip, that Sundbach was suddenly struck with its

possibilities. Here was something, he suddenly realised, which if perfected would sweep the world.

He had considerable mechanical talent, and went into partnership with his father-in-law. He worked incessantly at the fastener, continuing even harder after his father-in-law had died.

Finally, he considered the fastener perfect. With his wife he emigrated to America. When he went to register his invention at the Patent Office, his hopes came tumbling. He was told there was already a patent fastener.

But one glance at the specifications of the earlier patent was sufficient to show it had no chance beside his own. He was given a patent for his improved fastener.

Sundbach's troubles should have been at an end. Actually, they were only beginning. For some reason the fastener just did not "take on."

WOMEN SAID "NO." It was not until the great Chicago Exhibition shortly be-

fore World War 1 that Sundbach got into touch with a manufacturer with the imagination to see the possibilities of zip and the resources to develop it.

In the war, zip went into uniforms, but attempts to sell it to the public failed completely. Women, in particular, were determined they would never have zip-fasteners on their clothes.

In 1919 the patents were bought by a British firm, and the fasteners were made near Birmingham, but for some reason they still did not "take on."

Then suddenly, in 1923, just thirty years after the original invention, the zip came into its own. New applications were found for it, and by 1925 some of the immense sum of money that had been poured into the invention was beginning to come back.

A separate company, "Lightning Fasteners," was founded in 1925, and in 1928 a new factory to manufacture nothing but the fasteners was built, with a special department for finding new applications.

Since then, more and more "zips" have been manufactured every year. After his long wait, Gideon Sundbach was reputed to have become a millionaire.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# Was the Lawyer's Face Red?

## Concluding O. HENRY'S HYPOTHESES OF FAILURE

HER attentions became so open that the man felt the community to be no safe place for him, so he left it. She abandoned husband and home, and followed him. She forsook her home, where she was provided with every comfort, to follow this man who had inspired her with such a strange affection.

"Is there anything more to be deplored," concluded the client, in a trembling voice, "than the wrecking of a home by a woman's uncalculating folly?"

Lawyer Gooch delivered the cautious opinion that there was not.

"This man she has gone to join," resumed the visitor, "is not the man to make her happy. It is a wild and foolish self-deception that makes her think he will. Her husband, in spite of their many disagreements, is the only one capable of dealing with her sensitive and peculiar nature. But this she does not realise now."

"Would you consider a divorce the logical cure in the case you present?" asked Lawyer Gooch, who felt that the conversation was wandering too far from the field of business.

"A divorce!" exclaimed the client, feelingly—almost tearfully. "No, no—not that. I have read, Mr. Gooch, of many instances where your sympathy and kindly interest led you to act as a mediator between estranged husband and wife, and brought them together again. Let us drop the hypothetical case—I need conceal no longer that it is I who am the sufferer in this sad affair—the names you shall have—Thomas R. Billings and wife—and Henry K. Jessup, the man with whom she is infatuated."

Client number three laid his hand upon Mr. Gooch's arm. Deep emotion was written upon his careworn face. "For Heaven's sake," he said fervently, "help me in this

hour of trouble. Seek out Mrs. Billings, and persuade her to abandon this distressing pursuit of her lamentable folly.

"Tell her, Mr. Gooch, that her husband is willing to receive her back to his heart and home—promise her anything that will induce her to return."

"I have heard of your success in these matters. Mrs. Billings cannot be very far away. I am worn out with travel and weariness. Twice during the pursuit I saw her, but various circumstances prevented our having an interview. Will you undertake this mission for me, Mr. Gooch, and earn my everlasting gratitude?"

"It is true," said Lawyer Gooch, frowning slightly at the other's last words, but immediately calling up an expression of virtuous benevolence, "that on a number of occasions I have been successful in persuading couples who sought the severing of their matrimonial bonds to think better of their rash intentions and return to their homes into his mind. But now the figure reconciled. But I assure you that the work is often exceedingly difficult. The amount of argument, perseverance, and, if I may be allowed to say it, eloquence that it requires would astonish you. But sail on to the advantageous port of this is a case in which my sympathies would be wholly enlisted. I feel deeply for you, sir, and I would be most happy to see husband and wife reunited. But my time," concluded the lawyer, looking at his watch as if suddenly reminded of the fact, "is valuable."

"I am aware of that," said the client, "and if you will take

the case and persuade Mrs. Billings to return home and leave the man alone that she is following—on that day I will pay you the sum of one thousand dollars. I have made a little money in real estate during the recent boom in Susanville, and I will not begrudge that amount."

"Retain your seat for a few moments, please," said Lawyer Gooch, arising, and again consulting his watch. "I have another client waiting in an adjoining room whom I had very nearly forgotten. I will return in the briefest possible

The situation was now one that fully satisfied Lawyer Gooch's love of intricacy and complication. He revelled in cases that presented such subtle problems and possibilities. It pleased him to think that he was master of the happiness and fate of the three individuals who sat, unconscious of one another's presence, within his reach.

His old figure of the ship glided into his mind. But now the figure failed, for to have filled every compartment of an actual vessel would have been to endanger her safety; while here, with his compartments allowed to say it, eloquence that it requires would astonish you. But sail on to the advantageous port of this is a case in which my sympathies would be wholly enlisted. I feel deeply for you, sir, and I would be most happy to see husband and wife reunited. But my time," concluded the lawyer, looking at his watch as if suddenly reminded of the fact, "is valuable."

The thing for him to do, of course, was to wring the best bargain he could from some one of his anxious cargo.

First he called to the office-boy: "Lock the outer door, Archibald, and admit no one." Then he moved with long, silent strides into the room in which client number one

waited. That gentleman sat, "would be one thousand five patiently scanning the pictures in hundred dollars. Five hundred the magazine, with a cigar in his dollars down, and the remainder mouth and his feet upon a table. upon issuance of the divorce."

"Well," he remarked cheerfully, as the lawyer entered, "have you made up your mind? Does five hundred dollars go for getting the fair lady a divorce?"

"You mean that as a retainer?" asked Lawyer Gooch, softly interrogative.

"Hey? No; for the whole job. It's enough, ain't it?"

"My fee," said Lawyer Gooch,

A loud whistle came from client number one. His feet descended to the floor.

"Guess we can't close the deal," he said, arising. "I cleaned up five hundred dollars in a little real estate dicker down in Susanville. I'd do anything I could to free the lady, but it out-sizes my pile."

"Could you stand one thousand (Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. A parka is a skin coat, kind of biscuit, wild animal preserve, inquisitive person?
2. What is a native of Monaco called?
3. Who conducted the music of "Fantasia"?
4. Which two Books in the Bible have girls' names?

5. Who was the first man to swim the Channel?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Torch, Lantern, Candle, Lamp-post, Taper.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 590

1. Extinct pigeon.
2. Canada.
3. Buddhism.
4. Richard Llewellyn.
5. Butterflies and moths.
6. Rubber is very elastic; others are not.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



AN unknown young actor who gate-crashed to success by producing—and getting shown—his own picture is now the most popular British film star.

A poll of exhibitors in this country taken by the "Motion Picture Herald" puts James Mason at the top of a list of the ten best money-makers.

His rise from comparative obscurity dates from the day in 1936 when he and Pamela Ostrer (now his wife) decided to make "I Met a Murderer," featuring themselves.

It did not break box-office records, but it did make James Mason—his last two films, "Man in Grey" and "Fanny by Gaslight," being in the smash-hit class.

Second to James Mason came David Niven, followed by George Formby, who topped the poll for the past six years.

Of the American stars seen in this country, Bing Crosby is money-maker No. 1, followed by Betty Grable and Greer Garson, with Abbott and Costello tenth, four places below Bob Hope.

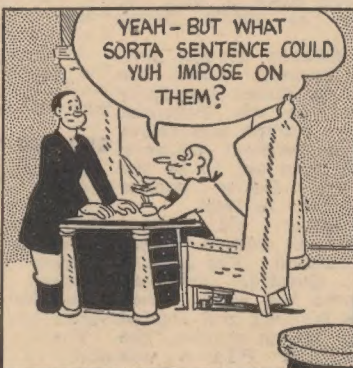
Cables from New York show that Bing Crosby heads the corresponding U.S. pool.

The next nine, in order of popularity, are: Gary Cooper, Bob Hope, Betty Grable, Spencer Tracy, Greer Garson, Humphrey Bogart, Abbott and Costello, Cary Grant, and Bette Davis.

THE art exhibition now to be seen at the Uxbridge Library takes first place in my view amongst all war-time local exhibitions.

It comprises the original illustrations to two books, "London Triumphant" and "Thames Triumphant," and in case this may seem an ordinary matter, they are all etchings of scenes and buildings, some of them on a scale and with such a wealth of detail that are very rarely seen anywhere. They are beautiful in their skill and chaste delicacy, and in one or two cases give a vast and impressive panorama of London. The etching of so much detail must have involved endless patience and the most consummate artistry.

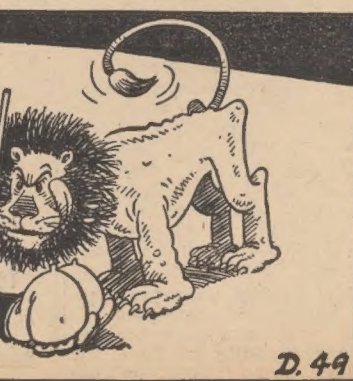
## BELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



D. 44



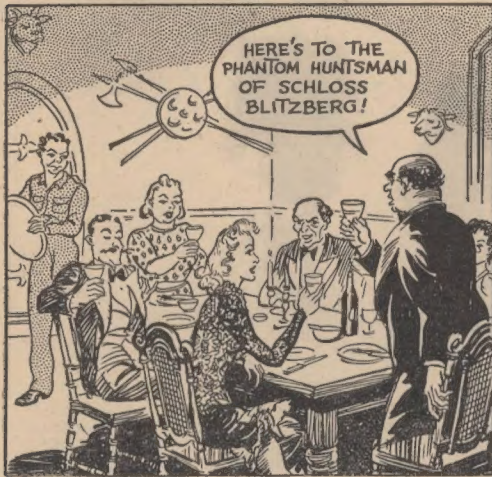
# WANGLING WORDS—530

1. Insert consonants in \*A\*\*I\*\*O\*\* and \*A\*I\*\*A\*IU\* and get two Signs of the Zodiac.
2. Here are two inland towns whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
RODFLOD—MAHDRAH.
3. If "slant" is the "ant" of slopes, what is the ant of (a) Animals, (b) Beggars?

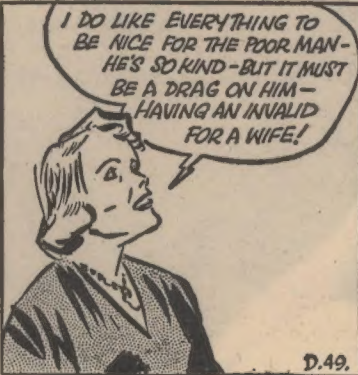
## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 529

1. COMPLICATION.
2. COKE, cake, case, cast, cost, coat, boat, beat, HEAT, LOAD, lord, lard, card, CART.
3. CarLisle.

# JANE



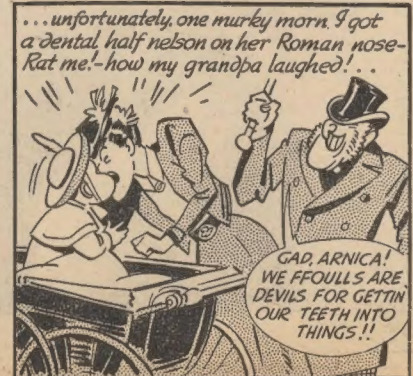
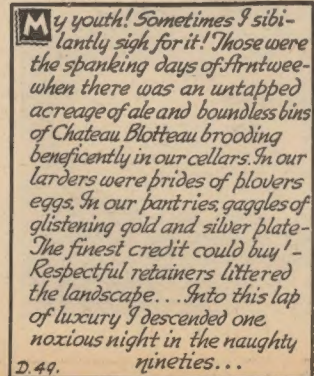
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# HYPOTHESES OF FAILURE

(Continued from Page 2) reservedly in my hands on that two hundred dollars?" asked the lawyer insinuatingly. "Entirely," said the other, "Five hundred is my limit, I tell you. Guess I'll have to hunt up a cash any time at two hours' cheaper lawyer." The client put on notice.

"Out this way, please," said Lawyer Gooch, opening the door that led into the hallway.

As the gentleman flowed out of the compartment and down the stairs, Lawyer Gooch smiled to himself. "Exit Mr. Jessop," he murmured, as he fingered the Henry Clay tuft of hair at his ear. "And now for the forsaken husband." He returned to the middle office, and assumed a businesslike manner.

"I understand," he said to client number three, "that you agree to pay one thousand dollars if I bring about, or am instrumental in, bringing about, the return of Mrs. Billings to her home, and her abandonment of her infatuated pursuit of the man for whom she has conceived such a violent fancy. Also that the case is now un-

full height. His thin figure seemed to expand. His thumbs sought the armholes of his vest. Upon his face was a look of sympathetic benignity that he always wore during such undertakings.

"Then, sir," he said, in kindly tones, "I think I can promise you an early relief from your troubles. I have that much confidence in my powers of argument and persuasion, in the natural impulses of the human heart towards good, and in the strong influence of a husband's unfaltering love. Mrs. Billings, sir, is here—in that room—" the lawyer's long arm pointed to the door. "I will call her in at once; and our united pleadings—"

Lawyer Gooch paused, for client number three had leaped from his chair as if propelled by steel springs, and clutched his satchel.

"What the devil," he exclaimed harshly, "do you mean? That woman in there! I thought I shook her off forty miles back." He ran to the open window, looked out below, and threw one leg over the sill.

"Stop!" cried Lawyer Gooch, in amazement. "What would you do? Come, Mr. Billings, and face your erring but innocent wife. Our combined entreaties cannot fail to—"

"Billings!" shouted the now thoroughly moved client; "I'll Billings you, you old idiot!" Turning, he hurled his satchel with fury at the lawyer's head. It struck that astounded peatmaker between the eyes, causing him to stagger backward a pace or two. When Lawyer Gooch recovered his wits he saw that his client had disappeared. Rushing to the window, he leaned out, and saw the recreant gathering himself up from the top of a shed upon which he had dropped from the second-storey window. Without stopping to collect his hat he then plunged down-

wards the remaining ten feet to the alley, up which he flew with prodigious celerity until the surrounding building swallowed him up from view.

Lawyer Gooch passed his hand tremblingly across his brow. It was an habitual act with him, serving to clear his thoughts. Perhaps also it now seemed to soothe the spot where a very hard alligator-hide satchel had struck.

The satchel lay upon the floor, wide open, with its contents spilled about. Mechanically Lawyer Gooch stooped to gather up the articles. The first was a collar; and the omniscient eye of the man of law perceived, wonderingly, the initials H. K. J., marked upon it. Then came a comb, a brush, a folded map and a piece of soap. Lastly, a handful

of old business letters, addressed—every one of them—to "Henry K. Jessup, Esq."

Lawyer Gooch closed the satchel and set it upon the table. He hesitated for a moment, and then put on his hat and walked into the office-boy's anteroom.

"Archibald," he said mildly, as he opened the hall door, "I am going around to the Supreme Court rooms. In five minutes you may step into the inner office, and inform the lady who is waiting there that"—here Lawyer Gooch made use of the vernacular—"that there's nothing doing."

THE END.

# CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12						13		
14				15	16			
			17	18				
19		20			21	22	23	
				24	25			
26	27		28			29	30	31
32				33				
34						35		
36						37		

CLUES DOWN.

1 Line of type. 2 Halo. 3 Gem. 4 Sinew. 5 Pre-  
cipitancy. 6 Title. 7 Of vinegar. 8 Bow. 9  
Indian province. 16 Ait. 18 Valley. 19 Contre-  
temps. 20 Pool. 22 Proscribe. 23 European cur-  
rency. 25 Piece inserted. 27 Nap. 28 Retain. 30  
Number of cattle. 31 Remain.

ETCH BRACES  
ARRIVE YOLK  
SUITE MOUSE  
TAB TWO NET  
N COHORT C  
STAR E AYAH  
T BYPLAY V  
ADO APT MEW  
BEAST OPINE  
LARK SMUDGE  
ENDIVE PIED

# HOME TOWN NEWS

**B—THIS HOUSE.**  
INTO Cardiff Gaol went the Salvation Army band to give a little light music to the boys behind the bars. They were overjoyed, but none of them knew that great care was taken lest anyone should call for a rendering of a former favourite in the gaol, which on a previous occasion brought the house down. It was "Bless this House"... A great favourite in Wales, that song. But not in the gaol. Because one of the lines says "Bless these walls, so firm and stout, keeping want and trouble out"! They steered clear of that one.

**EX-SERVICE MONOPOLY.**  
WELSH seaside resorts and all the big towns are to give a monopoly to ex-Servicemen in car-parking attendance after the war. It is due to the work of the British Legion, which has "nationalised" its old Car Parking Companies.

After the war, when the big motoring boom arrives, it is the intention of the Legion to supply attendants, mainly from disabled ex-Servicemen, who will be given good uniforms, holidays with pay, and free medical attendance. They will be paid £4 a week, and all the proceeds from the parkings will go into a pool of special companies who will administer the schemes. All the directors will give their services free.

**FOR THE DISABLED.**  
THE British Legion in Wales is planning to extend its own factory work to provide good jobs for any men who may be disabled. Already the Legion Cambrian Factory at Llanwrtyd Wells, Breconshire, which makes tweeds, travelling rugs, etc., is open to receive thirty applications from men who would like to be trained in this job. Wages are good, and there will be constant employment in a trade that promises to boom.

# PHIZ QUIZ

It needed no examination under the microscope to discover that he was a champ, in the old days when he made the cinders fly.  
(Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 590:  
Herbert Sutcliffe.



# Good Morning

When P.O. Tel. Bill Robinson wed Wren Winifred Tozer, the bride's mess-mates saw to it that things went with a swing. We refer particularly to the bride herself.



## LADDIES FRA' LANCASHIRE

We never believed that guff about schooldays being the happiest time of your life — not when we were at school. But now we're old grey-beards, we're not so sure. We wouldn't mind swapping our lumbago for any sharp pain in the back that these Downham school-boys will ever experience in school.

## PUZZLE CORNER

"Questionnumberone. If we were an acrobat engaging a decorative assistant—we mean the gal to shout 'Allez-oop' at all the big moments — which of these two candidates would get the job? Quite right! We'd pick RKO Radio's Elaine Riley. But how on earth did you guess?"



Looks like the owner of these pets will have to get by without rabbit-pie. We suspect the pup wouldn't allow any passes to be made at his pal.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Acrobat!—that's a laugh. The only parallel bars he uses are marked 'Saloon' and 'Private'!"

